TRANSCRIPT OF CAROL YOUNG
and GALE COOK LUNSFORD

INTERVIEWER	CAROLYN SPAIN
DATE	JUNE 23, 2017
PLACE	
ALSO PRESENT	TAMMY YOUNG and GENE PARKS
LENGTH	Approximately 1-1/2 hours

[Carolyn Spain explained the purpose of the oral histories, as well as the loan of photographs and documents; explained the permission forms for archiving the interviews and documents; signing of forms.]

CAROLYN SPAIN: I have a few things I want to go over with you here and, like I say, keep in mind anytime there's something that, maybe a question I ask, you don't want to talk about just say "pass". No problem. I want you comfortable and only doing what you want to do. Okay? So we'll start with first things first here. Where were you born, Gale?

GALE LUNSFORD: Buncombe County.

CS: Buncombe County. In Alexander?

GL: Yes.

CS: Were you born at home?

GL: No. I was born, what was that hospital that--it's part of Mission now, but it was over on--

CS: St. Joseph's?

GL: No, it wasn't St. Joseph's. No. The building's still there, but I can't think of it.

CAROL YOUNG: At the corner of Charlotte Street and College Street. You know where Charlotte Street is? Right there at that corner where--.

CS: There was a hospital there?

CY: Uh-huh. Parkway Office Building now.

CS: Really? I did not know that.

TY: I didn't know that either.

CY: But I can't remember the name of it.

GL I can't think of the name of it.

CS: Well, maybe you'll remember that at some point and--

GL: Ought to. That's where Aunt Jackie had her nursing training.

CS: That's very interesting.

GL: That's where I got my arm sewed up.

CS: So you were born there. How about you, Carol?

CY: I was born in the big town of Craggy, at home.

CS: Were you the first child to be born at home?

CY: Uh-uh.

CS: Second child? Who attended the birthing? Who helped birth the baby?

CY: I don't know.

TY: I would guess Granny, but that would be a guess. Her grandmother.

CS: Oh, okay.

CY: My mother's mother.

CS: So you're both from Buncombe County, born and bred here. What brought your family here? Do you know?

GL: My great-grandmother was here before it became an Episcopal church.

CS: What was her name?

GL: What was it? Back then they had to furnish a place for the people or their workers to worship, from England. Isn't that right?

CY: Well. Dr. Willis came over here in 1870s, 18--

GL: Where's your book?

CS: He came here from England?

CY: Uh-huh. Then he had a bunch of land. Bought a bunch of land. And he, of course, the English tradition was to build a cottage or whatever for your employees to have a place to worship. And, of course, the Episcopal church came from England. And he built this church for his people that worked for him. And they hauled all the stone from the area and some of the things came from England, the doors and a lot of the things he brought from England.

GL: But wasn't the big window in front, wasn't it--it was from England. Is there just one that was made here, the Tiffany?

CY: Yeah, and see Dr. Willis's daughter gave that as part of her inheritance, or whatever. She willed it to the church and it supposedly depicts a World War I soldier, laying with its bayonet and his gun and all that stuff at the foot of the cross.

CS: And who was the lady that donated the window?

CY: Dr. Willis's daughter.

CS: His daughter. So she came from England with him?

CY: Yeah. They all came, I think, his wife and--

GL: Well, he brought people over from England, too, to work on the church, to build the church. Didn’t he? Wasn't that Deanna's people? I mean-- Well, my mind's a blank.

TY: It'll come to you as you start thinking about it, talking about it. It'll come back to you.

CS: So it sounds like you're saying that they brought their own people over to build the church. Did they employ locals into helping out?

GL: They helped.

CS: Was it voluntary?

CY: Well, he employed a bunch of people.

GL: Yeah.

CY: I think he employed people to do the housework. And, of course, they built a home here.

CS: Do you know where the home--does it still exist?

CY: Uh-uh, no. It burned and then they built it back and it burned a second time. But his wife and some of his children are buried up in the cemetery.

CS: So his people, some are still here?

GL: Uh-uh.

CY: I don't think so. Well, we did have--was it a great-great grandson that came one Sunday to church, but he lives in New Mexico. And he didn't know as much as we knew about the church, I don't think. But Dr. Willis employed a bunch of people and I'm sure they probably built his house. Because he used to go uptown when they'd have, about once a week or whenever, they would have a sale. The farmers would all gather at Lexington and around.

CS: What kind of sale?

CY: Where they sold their whatever they raised or produce or whatever.

CS: Like a farmer's market.

CY: Yeah. Because Mazel told me that's where my great granddaddy met Mr.--of course, Dr. Willis had died, but that's where he met Mr. Thompson.

GL: There was Thompson…and then who was the lady that helped out a lot in the church?

CY: Oh, I know who you're talking about. Mitchell.

GL: Mitchell.

CY: Yeah. She had a boarding house on Montford somewhere.

CS: A boarding house on Montford?

CY: Uh-huh. And she would come here to church and get the young girls and take them to her boarding house for holidays, special meals and all that kind of stuff. You know, Trinity Church had a lot to do with this, too. They kind of helped the Redeemer get going and all that.

CS: Do you know if the boarding house still exists, that Miss Mitchell had?

CY: I doubt it.

GL: I doubt it.

CY: It was in Montford somewhere. I have to tell you a tale about my great aunt. Came to church here.

TY: And who was that?

CY: Grace Wilson.

CS: Grace Wilson.

CY: And she, Miss Mitchell took all the girls to her house for a Christmas dinner. And so they got ready to have dessert and Aunt Grace said

that she asked them, said, "Would you like ice cream or would you like applesauce?" And Aunt Grace said, "You know, we never did get ice cream." And she said Mama always kept a bowl of, she called it fruit, which was just applesauce, really, but she always called it fruit, sitting on the table. And she said all the other girls got ice cream but she thought "I'm going to be special. I'm going to have some applesauce". So when they brought the applesauce, she said they brought it, it wasn't nothing but a bowl of fruit. She said Mama kept that sitting on the table all the time. She said there they were all the rest of them eating ice cream with that bowl of fruit.

CS: She wanted to be independent.

TY: She was born in 1898?

CY: Aunt Grace?

TY: Uh-huh. So that would have been the early 1900s, probably.

CY: Yeah.

CS: Well, tell me a little bit about the surrounding area, what it was like when you grew up here, Gale, like the community stores, where you bought groceries or foods, or did you raise your own?

GL: Most of the time we raised most of, a lot of the food. Of course, my grandparents had a farm so, I mean, we kind of back and forth. Now that's where I lived, in Alexander. I lived in the same place Carol Ann did, only a little across the hill.

CY: She was a Craggy girl.

GL: Craggy.

CY: And at one time it was a booming little business. They had a grocery store, Noug Johnson.

GL: Yeah.

CY: His grocery store and then across the Craggy Bridge there was another grocery store.

GL: My grandfather owned it. Great-grandfather.

CY: Across the road from you, Katherine and Wayne.

GL: Lived upstairs. And they run the store for a long time.

CY: So there was really three little community grocery stores.

GL: At one time there was a butcher shop, you could get your hair cut. Wonder what they used back then? Might have been rough. Your cornmeal.

CS: Did you have a, like a gristmill room?

GL: Yeah, that would be--

CY: Ground.

GL: --ground the corn.

CS: Do you remember where it was or who had it?

GL: Oh, it's still there.

CS: Oh, it is.

GL: It's not a mill now, but the building's still there. Some of the buildings are there now. My grandfather's store was torn down for the Craggy Bridge to go through.

CS: Now, what store did your grandfather have?

GL: West Buncombe. You went to West Buncombe.

CS: What was going to school like then, at West Buncombe? I mean grades 1 through 12?

GL: It was 12 years.

CY: When my mother graduated, it was just 11. She graduated from West Buncombe in 1937, I think. It just had 11 grades when she graduated.

CS: So they ended up adding an additional grade after your mom graduated.

CY: Uh-huh.

CS: Is the school, is the West Buncombe school still there?

GL: No.

CS: Where was it? Do you recall the name of the road?

GL: Well, there is a West Buncombe school, but they moved it over, they built a new school.

CY: The old one burned. Didn't it? Part of it burned.

GL: I don't know. It was after--there wasn't a school there, was it? I don't know. They sold parts of it and I think it's torn down now. It may have burned.

CY: It seems like part of the grammar school did, like one summer. And it left the high school. It was two separate buildings.

CS: Did you stay with the same teacher? No? How did they work that? For example, did you have math with one teacher, science--

GL: No.

CY: You stayed all day with the same teacher.

GL: Drove her crazy.

CY: But you had a different teacher each year.

CS: What about music? Did you have any music classes?

GL: I don't remember any music. Do you?

CY: The only extra thing we had was Bible classes.

GL: Yeah.

CS: So they had Bible classes for you.

CY: They had this lady, Miss Russell was her name, and she came and had a flannel board and did a Bible story once a week.

CS: What was her denomination, or did it make any difference?

CY: I guess she was Baptist, just guessing. It didn't matter. Nobody--of course, now you'd get all kinds of things around it, but nobody ever said anything then. And that was back when we used to have dinners, like the PTA wanted to raise money. They'd have a Sunday lunch and you'd come after church and buy your lunch. That's how the PTA made money.

CS: So the PTA cooked the meals and brought it and then anybody that wanted to come.

CY: They would come.

CS: What did they use the money for? Do you know?

CY: Just things for the school, I would assume.

CS: Supplies, like book supplies? Did you have any ball teams?

CY: Yeah, we played softball.

GL: Basketball was one of the--

CY: We didn't have football. Didn't have football till we went to Erwin.

GL: Baseball, basketball. I think that's about it.

CS: Did you-all play? Either one of you?

GL: My mother wouldn't have let me on the basketball court for nothing.

CS: Do you know why?

GL: Her knees is messed up from playing basketball.

CS: Oh, her knees were so she was protecting you.

GL: Uh-huh. And she refused.

CY: And we even had intramural basketball. Each grade had a team. Played against each other.

TY: Didn't you play like defense and offense? You didn't cross the center court?

CY: No.

CS: Had three on a side?

CY: Uh-huh. The girls did. Now, the boys did the whole court.

TY: But you played some, didn't you?

CY: Yeah, I always played in the intramural. And then I played a little bit of softball, I think, when I got to high school, a little bit of basketball, too. Once we came to Erwin, I didn't have transportation to get from home to school, so I didn't play anymore after that. As long as it was intramural, they had everything during school.

CS: So when you started going to Erwin, from West Buncombe, you say you couldn't get there?

CY: Well, this was still at West Buncombe. Once I got to high school, then practice and everything was after school. It wasn't during school.

CS: So what year did you start going to Erwin?

CY: '56, first year they had that school.

CS: '56, that's when they opened. Okay. Do you remember anything about any of your teachers or principals?

CY: I still keep up with my home economics teacher.

CS: Really.

CY: She's still living, in the eastern part of the state. She's in, I guess she's in assisted living down there. She's way in her nineties. We're almost 80.

CS: What's her name?

CY: Mary Smith.

CS: Mary Smith.

CY: And then you know Linda Warren that comes to Heart Path?

CS: Uh-huh.

CY: Her daddy was the first principal at Erwin High School.

CS: Interesting. About how many students--you had grades 1 through 12. Did you kind of know each other?

CY: Oh, yeah.

CS: Everybody knew the others and all the teachers knew all the kids by name?

CY: Absolutely. In fact, my grandmother, when Peggy Jean was still living, that was her youngest, her change of life baby as she called it. She had appendicitis and died when she was 11. But from the time she started first grade, as long as she was in school, Granny always, at the end of school, always had a fixed lunch for all the teachers that she had had, from first grade to whatever grade she was in. And they all came to the house and ate lunch.

CS: Invited the teachers to home. That was so nice. Was that fairly typical or just in this one instance?

CY: Well, that was, probably not everybody did that, but they would do other things that showed that they were members of the community, that teachers weren't just teachers. I mean, they lived in the community. They went to church in the community. They knew all their neighbors. They knew everything that went on in the community they lived in. And so the teachers really kept up with all the kids. They could tell you as much about them as their parents could, almost.

CS: Ever get in trouble in school?

GL: I think in the first grade, I fell. Someone's house burned down. And I thought, well I'll take them some blackberries because blackberries was my favorite fruit. So Mother said, "No, you can't take them today. You'll miss the school bus, you got to walk to school". Well, she went to the back

of the house and I got my straw--blackberries and off I went. And I made it all the way to school. And this boy opened the door and I started in and the high school bell rung and he turned loose of it and it caught me on my foot and down I went. And it took 18 stitches up and down my arm. We didn't have cars back then or the teachers, you know, they just had whatever. And Miss Wilson, the second grade teacher, she lived right up above us. And she had a coupe and it had wooden boxes sitting in the back that somebody could sit on. And that was it. She had a front seat but no back seat. So she takes me home and Mother and my youngest sister, we went to the hospital to get my arm sewed up.

CS: This is the one at Charlotte Street and College that you were talking about? The hospital that you were talking about?

GL: Yeah. Yeah. I can't remember the name of it.

CS: It will come to you.

GL: I started to say I'll ask Mama.

TY: How did you get to the hospital? Miss Wilson took you on to the hospital.

GL: Yeah. Because we didn't have a car. Daddy had the only car.

TY: And he was at work.

GL: Yeah.

TY: Christine, that's Mama.

CY: Christine is Mother.

CS: Okay. So when she drove you to the hospital, what route did she take? Do you remember if she came down through River Road?

GL: Yep. Yeah, it's the only way we had back then, I guess.

CS: There was no cut through like the Leicester Highway?

GL: Uh-uh.

CS: So you were in a valley all kind of your own little area.

GL: Well, let's see. We've got three Leicester Highways. One was a dirt road, which was there from the beginning. And then, I guess you'd call it what, the Old Leicester Highway? And then the new one going--so it is confusing to a lot of people.

TY: From Craggy now you can go up that little windy road.

GL: That's the old--what used to be--

TY: That would take you in to Leicester, right, but it wouldn't like take you to Asheville, I don't guess.

GL: Well, when you crossed the bridge--

TY: Okay. So you'd have to go back to--

GL: Yeah.

CS: Did you go into Asheville very often?

GL: We had a bus that we could catch, the blue bus or the red bus.

CY: It took 30 minutes.

GL: Yeah. 30 minutes apart.

CY: From here to town.

CS: Every day?

GL: Every day.

CS: Seven days a week?

GL: Yeah.

CS: Do you remember the time frame per day?

CY: It was early because people rode it to work. It was the only way I ever got to work until I learned to drive, which I was older when I learned to drive.

GL: And you walked from the holler out, caught the bus. And Mazel walked out.

CY: And Betty Barger walked.

GL: Yeah.

CY: Everybody caught the bus.

GL: A lot of people caught the bus and went to the mill, which was--

CS: Which mill?

GL: Martel.

CS: Montel?

GL: Martel.

CS: Mars Hill Mill.

CY: Martel, M-a-r-t-e-l, Martel.

CS: Martel.

GL: Then Burlington Mill started.

CS: And where was that?

CY: Down on the river.

GL: It's still there.

CS: Oh, is that where they're making all the shops and things now?

GL: Yeah.

CY: Yeah.

CS: Oh, okay.

CY: They made cloth, domestic type cloth.

GL: Didn't they design corduroy?

CY: They made corduroy at one time.

GL: I know they did, but I think they designed it there. Or that's what I was told.

CS: You mean they came up with the concept for corduroy?

GL: Yep. That's what I heard. Now how true that is, I don't know.

CS: It could very well be true.

GL: A lot of people worked in that mill.

CY: They worked 7 till 3 the first shift. And the first shift would catch the 6:30 bus and come to Martel.

CS: So they ran late. Like you say, if they hadn't had the bus, they wouldn't be able to get there. So they were a big employer in the area.

CY: Oh, yes. It was Holcombe and Young.

GL: Yeah. It's still going.

CY: Yeah, Young's is.

GL: What was the red bus?

CY: Holcombe.

GL: It was the Holcombe.

CS: H-o-l-c-o-m-b-e?

GL: Uh-huh.

CS: And you're saying that Young then is the same family as the Young Bus Line is now?

CY: Yeah. But they don't run down through here.

CS: Do you know when that stopped? Was it when the mill stopped, maybe?

CY: Uh-uh. No, it was still running when I went to work and I went to work in '57. And I used to catch the bus from the Craggy Bridge and you got off at Lexington Avenue, top of Lexington. Then I'd have to catch the city bus up at the Pritchard Park and go out Charlotte Street, because that's where I worked. Every morning and every night.

CS: Where did you work?

CY: For Ray Kimmel. He was an accountant.

CS: So you worked there--

CY: 50-something years.

CS: 50-something years.

CY: ‘Til he retired. Then I went out on my own and did income tax.

TY: Tell about how the people on the bus knew each other. I mean, I've heard you talk about, it's like everybody who knew each other and when you were missing.

CY: If you were missing, you were supposed to be at work at 8 o'clock. And if you missed the 7:30 bus, well, he knew you ought to be there. So he would stop and wait and see if you were coming. The school bus would do the same thing.

GL: Yeah. Now the school bus goes flying by my house and half the time forgets my great-grandchildren.

CY: And then they had a bus that--and it only went two or three times a day, that went out to Leicester.

GL: Yeah, stopped at the Gulf station, West Buncombe Gulf. That's where it stopped. And I think then later on it'd go on out towards Leicester.

CY: But it would only make two or three trips a day. Just certain days. But people that worked in retail, like in Belk's and Penney's and there was a lady, remember that Miss Fisher, she worked at the taxi. She did books for the Blue Bird taxi people. And she always caught the bus. Well, everybody caught the bus because nobody had a vehicle.

CS: Do you remember how much it cost to ride the bus?

CY: I don't know whether it cost a dime or not.

GL: Yeah. I think it was. A dime. Then it went up to a quarter.

CS: How about during close to the Depression years?

GL: I wasn't here then. All I know is what my parents said something about it.

CS: How about during World War II, the outbreak of World War II. What effect did your family life, how did World War II affect your family?

CY: I don't think--

GL: I've still got coupons.

CY: I've still got some, too.

CS: You've still got coupons. You mean the ration coupons?

GL: Yeah.

CY: Uh-huh.

CS: This would be a good thing, at some point, if you would allow us to scan one of those coupons, for the library.

GL: I think it would be great to give it to them.

TY: Well, that would be even better.

CY: They're smaller than a postage stamp.

CS: Really.

GL: Yeah, they're little tiny.

CY: They come in a sheet, like a sheet of stamps. And you could--I can't remember how it worked because I was just a kid.

GL: I know one time I went with my grandparents and my grandfather, he got five pounds of sugar. Well, he gave me a coupon and my coupon they only give me like two cups of sugar. And I pitched one more fit because they didn't give me what they gave my grandfather and they told me I wasn't big enough.

CS: But it was the same coupon?

GL: Same coupon. And I was very upset about it. So they didn't take me back no more.

[Laughter.]

CS: Was that because you only got two cups of sugar?

GL: I think it was because I'd pitch one more little fit. Had to be.

CS: So did you have an automobile at that point in time?

GL: Uh-uh. Now, my grandparents did. They'd buy a brand-new truck every year. And he'd wreck it every year.

CS: He'd wreck it ever year.

GL: I think so. Every year he wrecked that truck.

CS: What was he doing to wreck it?

GL: Well, he farmed and he'd drive it off down the hill and crazy stuff.

CY: He's not the one that had the apple orchard is he?

GL: Oh, my grandparents--

CY: Is that your other granddaddy had the apple orchard?

GL: It's my other granddaddy. I had one that owned an apple orchard in Henderson County, and that was where he was from and I kept thinking, "Where did all these people meet at?" I've got pictures of my great-grandfather and his wife and she was a Woodfin. Her daddy is up there in the courthouse, I don't know what the heck he's supposed to have done, but he's something another to--and Woodfin's named after him. But he's at the police station. When you first walk in, there's his picture. And that was her uncle. But I been trying to find out what her--I know she was a Woodfin, but I don't know what her maiden--what her name was, you know, as far as-- Of course, I know somebody in the family knows but I don't know. But I've wondered how they met.

TY: Is Hendersonville above West Buncombe?

CS: So would it have been maybe Edneyville where they lived in Henderson County?

GL: Off the Brevard Highway, is where they were--Forge Mountain. They owned part of Forge Mountain.

CS: Allison Deaver house? Was that their farm?

GL: No, that was where, that was their people. My grandfather was an Allison.

CS: Okay.

GL: And that's where they are from. They owned quite a bit of land at one time. Wished they'd have kept some of it.

TY: It would have been nice. You were going to say something about the Depression.

CY: I remember Granny, my grandmother talking about her, one of her brother in laws had died and her sister had remarried. And her nephew didn't all like his stepfather, so he came to live with Granny and Pap during the Depression. And I've heard Granny talk about Carol being there and Pap being there and neither one of them had a job. And of course my mother and her sister was there. And she said, "It was all I could do. We cooked fatback every morning for breakfast and I made gravy." And that's what they ate every morning.

CS: Where did she get the fatback?

CY: I guess they killed hogs.

GL: Yeah.

CS: So they raised their livestock?

CY: Uh-huh. And I've heard her tell about how hard it was. And then Carol got the bright idea that he was going to go to Detroit. He'd heard there were jobs in Detroit. He got up there and he didn't have the money to come home so he had to thumb his way back here. And still didn't have a job.

CS: So did he follow folks to the, like the Ford Motor Company?

CY: In Detroit. And Pap went to work for the, what do you call it--

TY: The TVA?

CY: No.

TY: The CCC?

CY: Yeah, that's what they came up with to give people a job. He started working for them and was working bridges and that kind of stuff. And then after things sort of got back to where there were jobs and stuff, and he got a job in Enka.

CS: American Enka.

CY: Over their construction for years. Until he retired. She talked about how rough it was. I've always heard her say, "I had more holes in my drawers than Pap ever did".

[Laughter.]

CY: And she always had to patch stuff, you know, but didn't throw anything away.

GL: I can remember winding up like, you know, feed sacks. We got to get out the feed sacks that we wanted our dresses made out of. And, of course, my grandmother was a pretty good-size woman so it'd take quite a few feed sacks to fit her. So she got to pick out first, you know, for the colors and whatever. And the string, it always amazed me, they would pull that string and take those strings and wind them up in a ball and keep them because they'd use them later on, for whatever they needed, you know, tie up something. She dried fruit on a screen outside and I can remember helping her turn the fruit, especially apples. And then she'd put them in a feed sack, tie them up behind the stove, and that's where they stayed until she decided to have fried pies or something.

CS: So she was actually dehydrating the natural way.

GL: Yeah.

CS: Did she ever do things like leather britches?

CY: Yeah.

GL: Yeah. String them on a string.

CS: So you went out in your garden and picked those and sat around and strung beans and fruit.

GL: I live on the land where we, it was a farm at one time. I think about 40, 50 acres of land at one time. Half of it's gone now. But I can remember hoeing corn from one end of it to the other. And my children now live on the land that I hoed corn and I wasn't more than 10, or around 10 years old. Of course, we moved away. My daddy worked for the railroad. So they transferred him to Macon, Georgia, when the border(?) car, the trains went out. And so we moved to Macon. And I remember him saying, "The only thing between us and hell was that screen door". It was terribly hot. How awful.

CS: How many years were you there?

GL: I think four and it was actually miserable down there. And the coldest winters. To me they were just terribly cold. And then we come back home. We still had the house here.

CS: Who took care of the farm while you were in Macon?

GL: Well, my brother never left. He wouldn't leave. So he stayed and at one time my grandparents came down and stayed for a little while and then they went back to Hendersonville. Didn't like that.

CS: So you raised vegetables and livestock. Did you sell any to the community or barter anything?

GL: Oh, yeah. And the butcher, the packing houses I guess it was, at one time we had packing houses. They would come out to the farm and pick out what they wanted.

CS: The packing houses would.

GL: Yeah. And we had a hog named Brasky. I don't know where we picked up that name. And the last litter of pigs she had was 15, which is very unusual. It's just unreal. And she was huge. We would ride on her back. And, you know, you take three kids riding on a pig's back, that is one big pig.

[Laughter.]

GL: But the man came out. He wanted to buy her because she was so big. And my grandfather said, "No, she'll live out her days on this farm". And we were sitting on top of her. And the old mare is pulling her to where they were going to bury her, when we was kids. It was something else.

CS: Do you remember what type of pig it was? What breed?

GL: I have no idea. She was just a big hog.

[Laughter.]

GL: But it paid for the farm, biggest part of it.

CS: Really?

GL: Yeah, raising and selling the pigs.

CS: I was curious about something you said which is confusing to me. You said the packing house are the ones who would come and say we want this one and this one and this one, and it wasn't up to your dad to say you can have this one or this one. It was the packing house that chose.

GL: Well, they would pick out what they wanted. If you didn't want them to have it, why, or the price wasn't right, they wouldn't sell it to them.

CS: Oh, I see. I see. Okay.

GL: They had, I guess the say-so, on whether they'd get it. Now, we didn't have a say-so on our tobacco.

CS: So you raised tobacco as well.

GL: And they'd come out and they'd cut down, you know, if you were overgrown, they'd cut it out.

CS: So you had an allotment?

GL: Yeah.

TY: Who came and did the cutting? Like the federal government or the state?

GL: Well, I guess they were. That's about all I know, is they cut it out.

CY: It was the ASC office, Agricultural Stabilization Conservation.

GL: Was that what it was?

CY: That's where I used to work.

GL: So you know all about them coming out and cutting my tobacco down.

CY: That's what they'd do. Hey allotted you and if you sold the land, then you lost a certain amount of allotment, or if you bought land that had an allotment on it, then you got a little extra.

CS: So if you sold part of your land that had the tobacco allotment on it, it was no longer yours, it would not convey to the new owner?

CY: Yeah, it went to the sale, the purchaser.

GL: Well, I got to keep mine because they never actually split up the land until after I'd sold it, I'd sold the tobacco allotment. Because I didn't--I wasn't able to grow it.

CY: Well, and a lot of people later, I guess, put it in like a soil bank. And they would pay you not to raise it.

GL: I did that for years with it.

CY: That kept the price up. And flue-cured, people down east, couldn't understand because the flue-cured was, that's what they did down east, and it was a whole lot cheaper there. They didn't get that much for it. But here you could have a tenth of an acre and you could get quite a bit of money.

GL: Quite a bit, uh-huh.

CY: And down there, a tenth wouldn't bring you 50 cent.

GL: We ended the tobacco, you know. It had to be a certain temperature. It was quite a job.

CS: So you must have had a big barn.

CY: Uh-huh. You hung it to dry.

GL: Yeah, Mitchell Buckner and I, Mitchell, he was here, until he died, I'd help him raise tobacco and he'd help me. And during the day we would hang it on rafters. And it was three tiers high. And both of us scared to death of heights. And we'd climb up and hand the tobacco up, one at a time, till we got to the top of that darn barn. I never was so glad to see something tore down.

[Laughter.]

CS: So when you sold it, did you take it to down on the river?

GL: Yep. Packing house--well, they're still there, some of them.

CY: Made them antique malls and anything else out of it now. I don't think they sell it here anymore.

GL: I don't think so.

CY: People can raise it now, but you don't have an allotment. You have to take it over to Tennessee if you want to sell it.

GL: I didn't know where they were taking it. But, you know, they started, they don't hand it no more, like we did. They just pack it in a--

CY: Huh-huh. They don't separate it because used to didn't you separate it?

GL: Yeah.

CY: What was better and what would make cigarettes was a whole lot more expensive, more profit than something that was chewing tobacco or whatever else.

CS: So it sounds like you had an awful lot of work to do. Who helped you? Did you have to hire any local people to help?

GL: Oh, yeah. A lot of the farmers helped each other. Like they would come to our place and cut hay and haystacks back then, when I was a kid. And my grandmother would always fix meals for all these workers that come in. And each house did the same thing. They pretty well stayed together. I mean, I know the Cooks, of course there's quite a few of us, so, but I had a cousin and he still owns the land now, Frank Cook, and his daddy, they owned quite a bit of land. And so the tobacco, the--I can remember walking with my grandmother over to their farm and it was across the hill that we went to it. Now it's quite a distance. I wouldn't walk it now. And then Buckners, Mitchell Buckner's family, and the Buckners that lived on down below. They was three sets of Buckners out in Alexander.

CS: They all related?

GL: I think they were. I know of two of them that were related. But they'd go just in a circle, you know, of doing whoever come first.

CY: They still, a lot of people now do hay that way.

GL: Yeah.

CY: I know David told me the other day he'd been in a hayfield all day long, been cutting hay. And the next day they were going up the road to--

GL: To somebody else's. I didn't know they still did that. I'll be darned.

CY: Yeah. It's not a whole lot, like you're talking about, not a bunch of different families. But it's two or three families that do that and take turns cutting each other's hay.

CS: Going back to your farmhouse. Do you know who built it, when it was built, who built it?

GL: My grandparents and my great-grandparents.

CS: Do you know who the actual builder was, the architect? I mean, they actually built it?

GL: I think so. My great-grandparents, their house burned. So they built a new house and they took my grandfather's timber that he cut and cured and whatever to build his house and Frank's daddy's cow cook, they took his to build this big house. Well, they could all live in it. I guess they did there for a while. But they never finished the house. So, I mean, you know, the upstairs--in fact, the past, I guess five, six years, they finally finished the upstairs of that house. And when I was a kid, I mean little, I'd burn myself from--they had what they called a hot water bottle, you know. You could plug it up and my mother had set the bottle in the--and I wanted that bottle. So the scar, I pulled it over on top of me, which hit the top of my head and all down the side of my arm underneath. I walked around like this till I was about five, six years old. Never used my right hand, because I was so badly burned. Dr. Weaver was our doctor that went all over the neighborhood.

CS: Is he the fellow from Weaverville?

GL: Well, no, I think he was from, he owned property all over the country, or around in that. But he was in Leicester, I'm pretty sure. You

know, Lunsford's house, that old two-story house, they own that, but he didn't. It was something else. But he'd come over and he'd park at my grandparents' and then I'd walk with him over to my great-grandmother's. And I told him one day when I was two or three years old, I'd say closer to three, but he could understand me. I said, "Nothing wrong with Granny other than she drinks that dynamite".

[Laughter.]

GL: So he had to know what that dynamite was that she'd drink. And it was Watkins Liniment. And evidently she'd give me some of it and I didn't like it.

CS: Watkins Liniment. Where did she get that? Do you know?

GL: They would come around.

CY: Door to door.

GL: Door to door selling Watkins flavors and all kinds of things.

CS: And those flavors were high alcohol content.

GL: Yeah, I'm sure it was. Can't you just imagine?

CS: When you got sick as a child, like a bad cold or something, did you ever have a special little drink that was offered to you by your mom? What I think they called hot toddies?

GL: Oh, I loved them. I'd go to my grandparents'. I had a terrible cough.

CS: How would they do it?

GL: Usually it was sugar and hot water and white liquor.

CS: Moonshine.

GL: Moonshine, yeah.

CS: So that brings me to the next question, how did you know who to go to for things like black markets, underground markets, that nobody really wanted to be named?

GL: My grandfather owned the still.

TY: He made his own.

CS: There you go.

[Laughter.]

GL: It's what they did years ago. But when Uncle Bill become a police officer, I think he kind of give up his still. I don't know that for a fact. But I do know that he let some man have it and he made the liquor and Grandpa would go get liquor from him, because it was a good still. Years later, one of the Allisons, which was a cousin to my grandfather, he wanted to borrow Grandpa's still. So he gets it. I don't know whether I should tell that or not.

CS: When you say borrow, you mean actually moved it or just went where the still was?

GL: He borrowed it, you know.

CS: Okay.

GL: He set up the still. My uncle caught him. Of course, he throwed the still in French Broad River.

[Laughter.]

GL: He said, I remember my uncle saying, "Can you believe him? On my property he set up a still".

CS: And he was a police officer. What made him decide to be a police officer?

GL: I have no idea. I had a great uncle that was a police officer on both sides of the family, on the Allisons and the Cooks.

CS: In Asheville?

GL: In Asheville, there on the--you walk in and you can see their--they've got pictures of all the officers that, I guess it's still there. But the two, the Cook, his name was Brock Cook, and the Allison was Seiman Allison. And he was a police officer. Both of them. And they were partners. I guess that's how they how they interact. I don't know.

TY: So were they City of Asheville or Buncombe County?

GL: City of Asheville. They were actually police officers. And then Uncle Bill was, I don't know, he was in between the police and the county, or Sheriff's Department. Any gruesome thing happened, he was the one that took the pictures. And it was a gruesome job. I wouldn't have had it. I know something had happened and one of the men come back to him, said "We can't go in the house, it smells so bad. We just can't go in". He said, "That's why you've got a gas mask. Put your mask on and go in. Do your job". And he wanted Uncle Bill to go do it and then they are wanting his job and he said, "This is part of my job". And he was fixing to retire. And I never will forget him saying that they didn't want to do the job. They wanted the job. Didn't want to do it.

CS: Yeah, forensics.

GL: And that hasn't been that long ago. So not really. But I mean it's, things happen and you got to put up with it.

CS: That's true. That's true. Well, this, I think has been wonderful. Let me see if there's anything else, at this point. I might even want to tap you-all again. I mean you're so full of rich stories and you probably didn't even recognize how rich they were.

GL: Our families go back a long way.

CS: That's what Carol was telling me one day.

GL: Great-grandparents.

TY: Well, Granny, who's your grandmother, her parents were from Buncombe County. So your great-grandparents were from Buncombe County and those parents were from Buncombe--well, when there was no Madison County, when it went further out.

CY: My great-granddaddy owned the house, on my granddaddy's side, his daddy, was from right here.

TY: Tell about the house you grew up in?

CY: Well, my great-granddaddy built that house and I think he just built two rooms to start with, the kitchen, the dining room. And then later he added on to it. I've got a picture of him, of all of them, sitting on the front porch, in rocking chairs. And he had property.

GL: Carol Ann, what happened to the books that they had in here, of all the people, the ancestors, that was here?

CY: I don't know.

GL: Wonder if it's that black one over there. But the Caubles were my grandparents.

CS: What was the name?

GL: Cauble.

CS: C-a-u-b-l-e?

CY: Uh-huh.

GL: Yeah. I'm pretty sure that's the way it's spelled.

CS: Are they over in Riverside Cemetery?

GL: Yep. Sure are. Why they put them over there I don't know. I guess they didn't want to drill holes up here, is the only thing I can figure out. They actually did that. One person they took him back to the funeral home and it took them a week to drill his grave up here. I can remember them talking about it.

CY: No, that’s when they said no more, they have to be cremated. Because it is solid rock.

GL: That was the end of it.

CS: Really? When they built this church, did they know that they were building a church on solid foundation, like in the Bible?

GL: The rock. I guess they did. They'd have to have known.

CS: They built the church, yeah.

CY: The rock came from right around here, that they built the church.

TY: They quarried it out of right here to build the church.

CS: Did they quarry it where the Craggy Prison is? Were they able to take that rock from there?

GL: I don't think so.

CY: I don't know. I know it was Dr. Willis's property, but I don't know.

GL: Don't know where it come from.

CY: See, Bucky thought the house set across the road, what's the road now, across Jonestown Road.

GL: I thought it was up here on top of the hill.

CY: Bucky says he thinks it was up over here.

GL: Oh, do they?

CS: Well, which came first, this church or the Craggy Prison?

CY: Oh, the church.

CS: The church did.

GL: Yeah.

CY: Because this down through here used to be, wasn't this part of the drovers, the drovers road, before the road. That was the thing about it, so

many people had to sell their property for the roads to come through. That's what has cut up a bunch of space.

GL: Has she seen all this?

CY: Uh-uh. I doubt it.

GL: That is amazing.

CY: And I got most of this from the North Carolina Room.

CS: So this belongs to the--1896--to the North Carolina Room.

CY: No, it belongs to us. But that's where I found the information, in the North Carolina Room.

TY: And then in books that you had and then she went on Newspapers.com and researched the Willises. A lot of it came off of the internet that wasn't North Carolina Room. This is from Episcopal conventions that they had.

CS: 1898 the minister made $48.

TY: And this was called the Church at Rookwood before it was the Church of the Redeemer.

CS: Really.

TY: This was Rookwood.

CS: Why did they call it Rookwood?

GL: It was in Woodfin, evidently, wasn't it?

TY: Uh-uh. The city was--well, the community, because there was no city, was the Rookwood, North Carolina.

CS: I'd never heard that.

TY: I hadn't either till we did this.

CS: 1897.

TY: That does say Rook not Rock, doesn't it? No, Rockwood. Sorry. I can't read without these glasses.

CS: That makes sense, rocks everywhere.

GL: You know the rock that hangs over.

CS: Uh-huh.

GL: Now, we used to go out there and sit on that dang rock. We were kids. And I look at it and it makes my feet hurt just to look at it. I'm thinking, "Good Lord. And we sit on that".

CY: Well, you know, we used to have a grapevine up in the church, in the cemetery, and we used to swing on it. And there were trees everywhere. Remember all those trees that were in the cemetery?

GL: Yeah.

CY: Now it's just barren.

GL: The McTammanys, when they lived here, Bob, he was red-headed. I noticed in the paper, I've got a clipping of him being in the--I guess you gave it to me--and he's bald like his daddy. He's standing on that rock and he sailed a rock through a man's windshield. And the guy come up and he said, "All I can tell you about the boy that threw the rock was he's red-headed." Of course that got him.

TY: There's no doubt in that, is there?

GL: He was a pretty good-sized boy then. He's a lot older than us. But he went in the bathroom and stayed in the bathroom evidently. I said, "Lord help, I'd hated to be his daddy."

CS: Who put this material together?

TY: Mama did.

CS: Wow, am I impressed. This is years of work.

CY: Well, after I had cancer I couldn't--I didn't feel like getting out of the house for about a year. And that's when I started working on it. And over at St. Luke's, the lady that used to work at the paper had kept all the articles

and St. Luke's and the Redeemer were both associated together, because we shared the same priest. And I just, I collected all that and then the more I thought about it, I thought, "Well, I might just see how much more I can find". That's what I did. And in there somewhere that's where it tells about having Christmas services at the church. And there's a streetcar came as far as Montford and it would wait for midnight services to be over to make its last run. And the people had to walk from here to Montford.

CS: That's a pretty good distance.

CY: I don't know how far that was then, whether it was closer then.

GL: I guess it's about the same, I imagine.

CY: Yeah.

GL: I know Mother walked from Craggy and caught the streetcar and went Carol--what was the name of that? It was where Fitzgerald's wife burned to death.

TY: Oh, Highland Hospital.

GL: Yep. That's where she worked. And she was there when that happened.

CS: So she knew Zelda?

GL: And she told me later on, I was telling her about the dogs that we had, my grandmother, they had amputated her leg and Dr. Kerr said, he said, "We're going to put her in a nursing home", because she wouldn't, to start off with, she wouldn't let them amputate the leg. And he said, "Gangrene's already set in". He said, "You take her home, you're going to have your children around her and the odor will get in your carpet". And he said, "It's a horrible odor". So they put her in a nursing home then I was told, "Go in separate times". Don't pick, you know, like 8 o'clock in the morning. He said, "Go in separate times of the day". So I walked in and my grandmother

was, her mind was fine. And there she sit in a wheelchair. Well, she couldn't walk and she said, "Gale, I've got to go to the bathroom. I've sit here all day". Well, the nurse said, "Oh, no, she hadn't". And I said, "Don't make her out of a liar". I said, "She knows how long she set here. She's not feeble-minded". So they took her in to the bathroom and then brought her back out and I noticed the bandages was just saturated with blood and it was horrible looking. I said, "If I hadn't been sitting down, I would have fell", when part of her foot just fell off when they took the bandage. I mean, it was just unreal. So she said to me, she said, "Gale, tell them to take my leg off. I'm rotting away alive". And that was her exact words. So they put her back in and the amputated her leg. She stayed in the hospital for about two weeks and then I brought her home. And Dr. Kerr said, "Gale, she can't live more than two or three weeks". I said, "Well, she'll be at home". Because she'd moved in with me. She got tired of living by herself. So we'd get her up and down and I was supposed to have all this help come out and show me how to operate all these machines and things and cranks. I said, "It's a wonder we haven't dropped her on her head, getting her up and down". But the dog, he didn't like her and she didn't like him. And he chased her cat and she didn't like that. But he'd come in, if it was real cold. And he'd lay by the stove. But anyway, he pushed her door open, go in and lay at the foot of the bed. And I'd pull him out. And I didn't want to shut her door because I couldn't hear her if I did, you know, if she needed anything. So finally I pulled the dog into the kids' room and shut the door where he couldn't get out. And 4 o'clock in the morning, well, I'd got up with her earlier and I said, "Mammaw, you feel all right?" And she said, "I feel fine. Get out of here. I'm going back to sleep". She was very blunt. At 4 o'clock I got up and her hands was folded like this and her eyes were shut and her mouth was open

just a little bit. And I said, "Well, I'll be darned, she's dead". So I got my kids off to school, all but one. And she was in high school and she didn't have to go in till 9. Got my husband off to work. And I kept calling--or I could look out the window and see if my brother had come in, which he's always out and gallivanting around. He was to take my mother to the doctor that day. And I kept waiting for him to pull in the driveway. And so when he pulled in, I called and I said, "Bob, bring Mother up here, Grandmaw's dead". Well, he did. He walked off down the pigpen, stayed down there, and I called Dr. Kerr and told him that she had passed away. And he said, "Where do you want her sent?" And I said, "To"--oh, shoot--"Groce Funeral Home". So they come out and pick her up and my brother stayed at the pigpen the whole time. And then we went and picked out what she--well, I'd picked out her coffin before. She'd said to me one day, "Go pick it out, now". And I said, "Okay". So, you know, that was done. But, you know, the dog, he didn't howl or nothing. He just, you know, kept going in that room. And my mother said, "It's a wonder he hadn't started howling when she died." Because most of them do. And they said they could always tell up there at Carol's when someone died, they'd take them and put them in the basement. And you could hear the dogs all over the neighborhood howling. And they knew somebody had died.

TY: The dogs could feel the change in the body.

GL: You know the guy that lived in Grandmaw's house, the doctor? And I was telling him about it and he said they have a sense that we don't have. They can tell when you're dying or diabetes, all kind of things that they can pick up on. But now all dogs don't do that. But we just had that one that he was determined he was going to stay right there with her. And when my husband was dying, it was the summer, it was June the 6th, and he

walked in. He never come in unless there was thunder and lightning. Walked back to where Grady, the bedroom, and Grady said, "Get out of here, Fritz. I know I'm dying". And the dog turned, his ears laid back, his tail was between his legs and he just, just like you'd scolded him terribly, and walked out of the house. It was just so--something you don't forget. But I said I've lived with a lot of weird things, cats nursing puppies and vice versa. I thought that was the craziest thing I'd ever seen.

CS: That's just wonderful. Very touching. Well, ladies, would you be up for another visit sometime?

GL: It'd be fine with me, if I'm around. I might not be around. Well, Carol Ann knows more than I do.

CS: We'll jump all over this then.

GL: I'll be here but I'll be up there.

CS: Well, we'll bring a dog over. I've got one I'll bring.

GL: I've got ten cats, strays. All these people throw them out. It's unreal. They've all been fixed but--and they're still throwing them out.

CS: They know who's taking them.

TY: Yeah.

GL: I can't stand to see something hurting.

CS: Yeah, I'm the same way.

GL: So I feed them. My kids say, "I'd get rid of those cats". They walk all over my car. They scratched it and everything.

CS: And you love every minute of them.

GL: I love watching them, you know. But you can open my door and they're gone. I feed them, put the food out, and then go in and shut the door and I can see them eating then.

TY: Not like they're there to be petted, are they?

GL: Oh, no, they don't come in my house, which is good.

END OF INTERVIEW